THE LIEE and DEATH OF Doctor Faustus, Made into a FARCE.

By Mr. *MOUNTFORD.*

WITH THE
Humours of *Harlequin* and *Scaramouche:*
As they were several times Acted
By Mr. *LEE* and Mr. *JEVON,*
AT THE
Queens Theatre in *Dorset* Garden.

Newly Revived,
At the Theatre in *Lincolns Inn Fields,*
With *Songs* and *Dances* between the ACTS.

LONDON,
Printed and sold by *E. Whitlock* near *Stationers* Hall, 1697.
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The Life and Death of
Dr. FAUSTUS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Dr. Fauſtus *ſeated in his Chair, and reading in his Study.*

Good and bad Angel ready.

Fauſt. SEttle thy Study, *Fauſtus*, and begin
To ſound the Depth of that thou wilt profeſs;
Theſe Metaphyſicks of Magicians,
And Negromantick Books, are heav'nly
Lines, Circles, Letters, Characters,
Ay, theſe are thoſe that *Fauſtus* moſt deſires;
A ſound Magician is a Demi-God:
Here tire my Brains to get a Deity.

Mephoſtopholis *under the Stage. A good and bad Angel fly down.*

Good Ang. O *Fauſtus!* lay that damn'd Book aſide;
And gaze not on it, leſt it tempt thy heart to blaſphemy.

Bad Ang. Go forward, *Fauſtus*, in that famous Art
Wherein all Natures Treaſure is contain'd:
Be thou on Earth as *Jove* is in the Sky,
Lord and Commander of theſe Elements.

Spirits aſcend.

Fauſt. How am I glutted with conceit of this?
Shall I make Spirits fetch me what I pleaſe?
I'll have 'em fly to *India* for Gold,
Ranſack the Ocean for Orient Pearl.

I'll have 'em Wall all *Germany* with Brass:
I'll levy Soldiers with the Coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of *Parma* from our Land. [*Rises.*
'Tis now the Dead high Noon of Night,
And *Lucifer* his Spirits freedom gives;
I'll try if in this Circle I can Raise
A *Dæmon* to inform me what I long for.
Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii, Orientis Princeps, Beelzebub, German. Demogorgon. [Thunders.
Mephostopholis, Mephostopholis, surgat Spiritus.

Mephostopholis *speaks under Ground.* [Thunders.

Meph. Faustus, I attend thy Will.

Faust. Where art thou?

Meph. Here. [*a Flash of Light.*

Scar. within. Oh, oh, oh.

Faust. What Noise is that? Hast thou any Companions with thee? *Meph.* No.

Faust. It comes this way?

Scar. Oh, oh, O—— [*Enter* Scaramouche.

Faust. What ail'st thou? *Scar.* O' o' o'

Faust. Speak, Fellow, what's the Matter?

Scar. O poor *Scaramouche!*

Faust. Speak, I conjure thee; or *Acherontis Dii Demogorgon.* ——

Scar. O I beseech you Conjure no more, for I am frighted into a *Diabetes* already.

Faust. Frighted at what?

Scar. I have seen, Oh, oh—— *Faust.* What?

Scar. The Devil. *Faust.* Art sure it was the Devil?

Scar. The Devil, or the Devil's Companion: He had a Head like a Bulls, with Horns on; and two Eyes that glow'd like the Balls of a dark Lantern: His Hair stood a Tiptoe, like your new-fashion'd Top-knots; with a Mouth as large as a King's Beef Eater: His Nails was as sharp as a Welshman's in Passion; and he look'd as frightful as a Sergeant to an *Alsatian.*

Faust. But why art thou afraid of the Devil?

Scar. Why I never said my Prayers in all my Life, but once; and that was when my damn'd Wife was sick, that she

ſhe might dye: My Ears are as deaf to good Council, as *French* Dragoons are to Mercy. And my Conſcience wants as much ſweeping as a Cook's Chimny. And I have as many Sins to anſwer for as a Church-warden, or an Overſeer of the Poor.

Fauſt. Why, the Devil loves Sinners at his Heart.

Scar. Does he ſo?

Fauſt. He hates none, but the Vertuous, and the Godly. Such as Faſt, and go to Church, and give Alms-deeds.

Scar. I never ſaw a Church in my Life, thank God, (I mean the Devil;) and for Faſting, it was always my Abomination; and for Alms, I never gave any Thing in my Life, but the Itch once to a Pawn-broker. Therefore I hope he may Love me.

Fauſt. And he ſhall Love thee; I'll bring thee acquainted with him.

Scar. Acquainted with the Devil?

Fauſt. Ay; *Tanto metropontis Acherontis.*

Scar. Oh, oh, oh.

Fauſt. Fear nothing *Mephoſtopholis*, be viſible.

[Scaramouche *ſinks behind the Doctor, and peeps his Head out behind the Slip of his Gown. A Devil riſes in Thunder and Lightning.*

I charge thee to be gon, and change thy Shape; thou art too ugly to attend on me. I find there's Virtue in my Charm; Come, riſe up, Fool, the Devil's gon.

[*The Devil ſinks.*

Scar. The Devil go with him.

Fauſt. Fear nothing, I command the Devil. If thou wilt leave thy Chimny-ſweeping Trade, and live with me, thou ſhalt have Meat and Drink in Plenty; and 40 Crowns a Year ſhall be thy Wages; I'll make thee Learned in the black Art.

Scar. I am a Student in that already; But let me conſider, Good Meat and Drink, and 40 Crowns a Year. Then I'll change my black Art for yours.

Fauſt. There's Earneſt, thou art now my Servant; diſpoſe of thy Brooms and Poles, they'll be uſeleſs to thee here; take this Key, go into my Study, and clean; take all the Books you find ſcatter'd about, and range 'em orderly upon the Shelves.

Scar. Happy *Scaramouche*, now may'ſt thou Swear, Lye, Steal, Drink and Whore; for thy Maſter is the Devil's Maſter, and thou in time may'ſt maſter 'em both.

[*Exit* Scaram.

Enter Mephoſtopholis.

Meph. Now, *Fauſtus*, what wouldſt thou have with me?

Fauſt. I charge thee wait upon me whilſt I live,
And do what-ever *Fauſtus* ſhall command.

Meph. Ay *Fauſtus*, ſo I will, if thou wilt purchaſe me of *Lucifer*.

Fauſt. What ſays *Lucifer*, thy Lord?

Meph. That I ſhall wait on *Fauſtus* whil'ſt he Lives,
So thou wilt buy my Service with thy Blood.

Fauſt. Already *Fauſtus* has hazarded that for thee.

Meph. Ay, but thou muſt bequeath it ſolemnly,
And write a Deed of Gift with it;
For that Security craves *Lucifer*.
If thou deny it, I muſt back to Hell.

Bad Ang. But *Fauſtus*, if I ſhall have thy Soul,
I'll be thy Slave, and worſhip thy Commands,
And give thee more than thou haſt Will of.

Fauſt. If he will ſpare me Four and twenty Years,
Letting me Live in all Voluptuouſneſs,
To have thee ever to attend on me,
To give me whatſoever I ſhall ask,
And tell me whatſoever I demand;
On theſe Conditions I reſign it to him.

Meph. Then, *Fauſtus*, ſtab thy Arm courageouſly,
And bind thy Soul, that at ſome certain Day
Great *Lucifer* may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as Great as *Lucifer*.

Fauſt. Lo, *Mephoſtopholis*, for Love of thee, *Fauſtus* has cut His Arm, and with his proper Blood
Aſſures his Soul to be great *Lucifers*.

Meph. But, *Fauſtus*, write it in manner of a Deed, and Gift.

Fauſt. Ay, ſo I do; but, *Mephoſtopholis*, my Blood congeals, and I can write no more.

Meph. I'll fetch thee Fire to diſſolve it ſtreight. [*Exit.*

Fauſt. What might the ſtaying of my Blood portend,
It is unwilling I ſhould write this Bill.

Good

Good and bad Angel deſcend.

Good An. Yet, *Fauſtus*, think upon thy precious Soul.

Bad An. No, *Fauſtus*, think of Honour, and of Wealth.

Fauſt. Of Wealth. Why all the *Indies*, *Ganges*, ſhall be mine.

Good An. No, *Fauſtus*, everlaſting Tortures ſhall be thine.

Bad An. No, *Fauſtus*, everlaſting Glory ſhall be thine.

The World ſhall raiſe a Statue of thy Name,
And on it write, This, this is he that could command the World. [*Good Angel aſcends, bad Angel deſcends.*

Fauſt. Command the World; Ay, *Fauſtus*, think on that.
Why ſtreams not then my Blood that I may write?
Fauſtus gives to thee his Soul; Oh! there it ſtops. Why ſhouldſt thou not? Is not thy Soul thy own?

Enter Mephoſtopholis *with a Chafer of Fire.*

Meph. See, *Fauſtus*, here is Fire, ſet it on.

Fauſt. So now the Blood begins to clear again.

Meph. What is't I would not do to obtain his Soul?

Fauſt. Conſummatum eſt; the Bill is ended.
But what is this Inſcription on my Arm?
Homo fuge: Whether ſhall I fly?
My Senſes are deceiv'd, here's nothing writ;
O yes, I ſee it plain, even here is writ
Homo fuge; yet ſhall not *Fauſtus* fly,
I'll call up ſomething to delight his Mind.

[*Song.* Mephoſtopholis *waves his Wand. Enter ſeveral Devils, who preſent Crowns to* Fauſtus, *and after a Dance vaniſh.*

Fauſt. What means this then?

Meph. 'Tis to delight thy Mind, and let thee ſee
What Magick can perform.

Fauſt. And may I raiſe ſuch Spirits when I pleaſe.

Meph. Ay, *Fauſtus*, and do greater Things than theſe.

Fauſt. Then, *Mephoſtopholis*, receive this Deed of Gift;
But yet Conditionally, that thou perform all
Covenants and Articles herein ſubſcribed.

Meph. I ſwear by Hell, and *Lucifer*, to effect all
Promiſes between us both.

Fauſt. Then take it.

Meph. Do you deliver it as your Deed, and Gift?

Fauſt.

Fauſt. Ay, and the Devil do you good on't.

Meph. So, now, *Fauſtus*, ask what thou wilt.

Fauſt. Then let me have a Wife.

Fauſtus *waves his Wand, and a Woman Devil riſes: Fire-works about whirles round, and ſinks.*

Fauſt. What ſight is this?

Meph. Now, *Fauſtus*, wilt thou have a Wife?

Fauſt. Here's a hot Whore indeed, I'll have no Wife.

Meph. Marriage is but a Ceremonial Toy;
I'll cull thee out the faireſt Curtezans,
And bring 'em every Morning to thy Bed:
She whom thy Eye ſhall like, thy Heart ſhall have.

Fauſt. Then, *Mephoſtopholis*, let me behold the Famous *Hellen*, who was the Occaſion of great *Troys* Deſtruction.

Meph. *Fauſtus*, thou ſhalt. [*Waves his Wand, enters.*

Fauſt. O *Mephoſtopholis!* what would I give to gain a Kiſs from off thoſe lovely Lips.

Meph. *Fauſtus*, thou may'ſt. [*He kiſſes her.*

Fauſt. My Soul is fled; come *Hellen*, come, give me my Soul again; ſhe's gon. [*He goes to kiſs her again, and ſhe ſinks.*

Meph. Women are ſhy you know at the firſt Sight; but come, *Fauſtus*, command me ſomewhat elſe.

Fauſt. Then tell me, is Hell ſo terrible as Church-men write it.

Meph. No, *Fauſtus*, 'tis Glorious as the upper World; but that we have Night and Day, as you have here: Above there's no Night.

Fauſt. Why ſighs my *Mephoſtopholis*, I think Hell's a meer Fable.

Meph. Ay, think ſo ſtill.

Fauſt. Tell me who made the World?

Meph. I will not. *Fauſt.* Sweet *Mephoſ.*

Meph. Move me no further.

Fauſt. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me any Thing.

Meph. That's not againſt our Kingdom, this is: Thou art Loſt; think thou of Hell.

Fauſt. Think, *Fauſtus*, upon him that made the World.

Meph. Remember this. [*Sinks.*

Fauſt. Ay, go accurſed Spirit to ugly Hell,
'Tis thou haſt damn'd diſtreſſed *Fauſtus* Soul:

I will

I will Repent: Ha! [*Goes to his Books.*
This Bible's faſt, but here's another:
[*They both fly out of's Hand, and a flaming Thing appears written*, &c.
Is't not too late? [*Ring. Good and bad deſcend.*
Bad An. Too late.
Good An. Never too late, if *Fauſtus* will repent.
Bad An. Fauſtus, behold, behold thy Deed; if thou repent Devils will tear thee in Pieces.
Good An. Repent, and they ſhall never raze thy Skin.
[*Scene ſhuts, Ang. aſcends.*
Scene changes to the Street. Enter Harlequin.
Harl. This muſt be Mr. Doctor's Houſe; I'll make bold to knock: My Heart fails me already.
[Harlequin *opens the Door, peeps about, and ſhuts it.*
I begin to tremble at the Thoughts of ſeeing the Devil.
[*Knocks again.*
Here's a great Reſort of Devils, the very Doors ſmell of Brimſtone: I'll e'en back—— No: I'll be a Man of Reſolution: But if Mr. Doctor ſhould ſend a Familiar to open the Door, in what Language ſhould I ſpeak to the Devil? [*Knocks.*
Enter Scaramouche.
Scar. peeping. This is ſome malicious Spirit, that will not let me alone at my Study; but I'll go in, and conn my Book. [*Exit.*
Harl. I believe Mr. Doctor is very Buſy; but I'll rap this time with Authority.
[Harlequin *raps at the Door*, Scaramouche *peeps out.* Harlequin *ſtrikes him, and jumps back, runs frighted off.*

Scene changes to a Room in the Doctor's Houſe.

Enter Scaramouche, *with a Book in the Doctor's Gown.*
Scar. I have left the Door open to ſave the Devil the labour of Knocking, if he has a mind to come in: For I am reſolved not to ſtir from my Book; I found it in the Doctor's Cloſet, and know it muſt contain ſomething of the Black Art.
Enter Harlequin.
Harl. Oh here's Mr. Doctor himſelf; he's reading ſome conjuring Book. *Ide ſain jecit.*

Scar.

Scar. This must be a conjuring Book by the hard Words. *AB, EB, IB, OB, VB. BA, BO, BV, BI.*

Harl. It's a Child's Primer. [Harlequin *looks over him.*

Scar. The Devil, the Devil; be gon, avoid Satan. [*Runs off.*

Harl. O the Devil! Now will I lye as if I were Dead, and let the Devil go hunt for my Soul. [*Lyes down.*

Enter Scaramouche.

Scar. I have learn'd to raise the Devil, but how the Devil shall I do to lay him. Ha! what's here, a dead Body? The Devil assum'd this Body, and when I began to mutter my Prayers, he was in such haste he left his Carcass behind him. Ha! it stirs; no, 'twas but my Fancy.

[Scaram. *lifts up all his Limbs, and lets 'em fall, whil'st* Harl. *hits him on the Breech, lifts his Head, which falls gently.*

All's dead but's Head. [*Sets him upright.*

The Devil, the Devil! Be gon; what art thou?

Harl. A poor unfortunate Devil.

Scar. The Devil; *Avant* then *Hogon mogon Strogon.*

Harl. O good Mr. Doctor, conjure up no more Devils and I'll be gon, or any thing.— I came only to ask your Black Artship a Question.

Scar. No, this is not the Devil. Who art thou? Whence comest thou? What's thy Business, Quick, or *Hogon strogon?*

Harl. Hold, hold, hold, I am poor *Harlequin*: By the Learned I am called *Zane*, by the Vulgar *Jack Pudding*. I was late Fool to a Mountebank; and last Night, in the mistaking the Pipkin, I eat up a Pot of *Bolus* instead of Hasty Pudding; and devour'd Three Yards of *Diaculum* Plaister instead of Pancake, for which my Master has turn'd me out of Doors instead of Wages: Therefore, to be reveng'd, I come to hire a Devil or two of you, Mr. Doctor, of a strong Constitution, that may swallow up his Turpentine Pills as fast as he makes 'em, that he may never cure poor Whore more of a Clap; and then he'll be undone, for they are his chief Patients.

Scar. What Practice has he?

Harl. Why his Business is to patch up rotten Whores against the Term for Country Lawyers and Attorneys Clerks; and against *Christmas*, *Easter* and *Whitsun* Holidays, for City Appren-

Apprentices; and if his Pills be deſtroy'd, 'twill ruin him in one Term.

Scar. Come in; and for a Crown a Week I'll lett thee out a Devil, as they do Horſes at Livery, ſhall ſwallow him a Peck of Pills a day, though every one were as big as a Pumpkin; and make nothing of a *Bolus* for a Breakfaſt.

Harl. O brave Mr. Doctor! O dainty Mr. Devil!

Scar. Seigniora. [*Here they Complement who ſhall go firſt.*

The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II.

Fauſtus *in his Study.*

Good and Bad Angel deſcend.

Good An. FAuſtus, Repent; yet Heav'n will pity thee.

Bad An. Thou art a Spirit, Heav'n cannot pity thee.

Fau. Who buzzes in my Ear, I am a Spirit; be I a Devil yet Heaven can pity me: Yea, Heaven will pity me, if I repent.

Bad An. Ay, but *Fauſtus* never ſhall repent.

Good An. Sweet *Fauſtus* think of Heav'n, and heavenly Things. [*Aſcends.*

Fau. My Heart is hard'ned, I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name Salvation, Faith, or Heav'n,
But I am pinch'd, and prick'd, in thouſand Places.
O help diſtreſſed *Fauſtus!*

Lucifer, Beelzebub, *and* Mephoſtopholis *riſes.*

Luc. None can afford thee help; for only I have Intereſt in thee, *Fauſtus.*

Fau. Oh! What art thou, that looks ſo terrible?

Luc. I am *Lucifer*, and this is my Companion Prince in Hell.

Beel. We are come to tell thee thou doſt injure us.

Luc. Thou call'ſt on Heav'n contrary to thy Promiſe.

Beel. Thou ſhould'ſt not think on Heav'n.

Fau. Nor will I henceforth pardon him for this,
And *Fauſtus* Vows never to look to Heav'n.

Beel. So ſhalt thou ſhew thy ſelf a faithful Servant,
And we will highly gratify thee for it.

Fau. Thoſe Words delight my Soul.

Luc. Fauſtus, we are come in Perſon to ſhew thee Paſstime; ſit down, and thou ſhalt behold the Seven Deadly Sins in their own proper Shapes and Likeneſs.

Fau. That Sight will be as pleaſant to my Eye, as Paradiſe to *Adam* the firſt Day of his Creation.

Beel. Talk not of Paradiſe, but mind the Show. Go, *Mephoſtopholis*, and fetch 'em in; and, *Fauſtus*, queſtion 'em their Names. *Enter* Pride.

Fau. What art thou?

Prid. I am *Pride*; I was begot by Diſdain and Affectation. I always took the Wall of my Betters; had ever the firſt Cut, or elſe would not eat: I ſcorn'd all Advice, never thought any one handſom but my ſelf; had the beſt Pue in the Church, though a Tradeſman's Wife; and at laſt dyed of the Spleen, for want of a Coach and Six Horſes. Why is not thy Room perfum'd, and ſpread with Cloth of *Tiſſue*? What muſt you ſit, and I ſtand? Riſe up Brute.

Fau. Go, thou art a proud Slut indeed. [*Exit.*

Enter Covetouſneſs.

Now what art thou the Second.

Cov. I am *Covetouſneſs*; I was begot by a cloſe Fiſt, and a griping Heart, in a Uſurer's Cheſt. I never eat, to ſave Charges: This Coat has cover'd me for Fourſcore Winters: This Beard has ſeen as many more. I never ſlept in my Life, but always watch'd my Gold.

Fau. What wert thou on Earth?

Cov. I was firſt an Exciſeman, and cheated the King and Country; then I was a Baker, and from every Neighbor's Loaf I ſtole Two Pound, and ſwore 'twas ſhrunk in the Oven. I was a Vintner, and by bribing of Queſt-men had leave to ſell in Pint Bottles for Quarts: At laſt I was a Horſe-courſer, made *Smithfield* too hot to hold me, and rid Poſt to the Devil? Give me ſome Gold, Father? [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Envy.

Fau. What art thou the Third?

Env. I am *Envy*; begot by a Chimny-sweeper upon an Oyster-wench. I cannot read, and wish all Books burnt. I always curst the Government that I was not prefer'd; and was a Male-content in Three Kings Reigns. I am Lean with seeing others Eat; and I wish the Devil would make a Sponge of thy Heart, to wipe out the Score of my Sins.

Enter Wrath.

Fau. Out Envious Wretch. What art thou the Fourth?

Wra. I am *Wrath*; I had neither Father nor Mother, but leap'd out of a Lion's Mouth when I was scarce an Hour old. I always abhor'd the Art of Patience, and curst all Fisher-men. I beat my Wife for my Pleasure; curst Heav'n in my Passion, 'cause it gave me no Fortune, and was hang'd for a Rape on a *Scotch* Pedlar. [*Exit.*

Enter Gluttony.

Fau. What art thou the Fifth?

Glut. I am *Gluttony*; begot by a Plow-man on a Washer-woman, who devour'd a *Chedder* Cheese in two Hours. I am of a Royal Pedigree: My Grand-father was a Sur-loin of Beef, and my Mother a Gammon of Bacon: My Sisters were Sows, which supply'd me with Pork: My Brothers were Calves, which afforded me Veal: My God-fathers were *Peter* Pickled-Herring, and *Michael* Milk-Porredg: My God-mothers were *Susan* Salt-butter, and *Margery* Sous'd-Hog's-Face. Now, *Faustus*, thou hast heard my Pedigree, wilt thou invite me to Supper?

Fau. Not I.

Glut. Then the Devil choak thee.

Enter Sloth.

Fau. What art thou the Sixth?

Slo. Hey ho! I am *Sloth*; I was begotten at Church by a sleepy Judg on a Costermonger's Wife, in the middle of a long Sermon. I am as Lazy as a Fishmonger in the Dog-days, or a Parson in *Lent*: I would not speak another Word for a King's Ransom.

Enter Leachery.

Fau. And what are you, Mr. *Minks*, the Seventh and last?

Leach. I am one that love an Inch of Raw Mutton better

than an Ell of Fry'd Stock-fiſh, and the firſt Letter of my Name begins with *Leachery*. [*Exit.*

Fau. This Sight delights my Soul.

Luc. *Fauſtus*, in Hell are all manner of Delights.

Fau. O might I ſee Hell once, and return ſafe.

Luc. *Fauſtus*, thou ſhalt; give me thy hand.
Hence let's deſcend, and we will *Fauſtus* ſhow
The mighty Pleaſures in the World below. [*Vaniſhes.*

SCENE *Changes.*

Enter Harlequin, *and* Scaramouche *in the Doctor's Gown; a Wand, and a Circle.*

Scar. So, now am I in my *Pontificalibus*: Now can I ſhew my Black Art; for I have found that heavenly Book which *Fauſtus* uſed to raiſe the Dead in: Come, ſtand within this Circle.

Har. 'Tis time to Conjure, for I am almoſt famiſh'd. We have faſted like Prieſts for a Miracle.

Scar. I'll make thee amends preſently; I'll conjure up a Spirit, ask what thou wilt thou ſhalt have it.

Har. Let me alone for asking.

Scar. Be very earneſt with him, and intreat mightily.

Har. I'll intreat Earneſtly.

Scar. Silence. *Sint mihi Dii Acherontis propitii Nobis Dicatus, Mephoſtopholis, &c.*

Mephoſtopholis *riſes.*

Meph. How am I tortur'd by theſe Villains Charms?
From *Conſtantinople* have they brought me now,
Only for Meaſure of theſe idle Slaves? What
Would you with *Mephoſtopholis*?

Scar. Wee'd know how Dr. *Fauſtus* does.

Meph. Well. *Scar.* When comes he home?

Meph. Within Two Days.

Scar. What was he doing when you left him?

Meph. He was at Supper, eating good Chear.

Har. Good Mr. Devil, tell him we are almoſt ſtarv'd; and deſire him to ſend us ſome of his good Chear.

Meph. Is that all?

Har.

Har. Some Wine too? *Meph.* What elſe.

Har. What elſe: Why if Fornication been't againſt your Commandments, we would have ſome live Fleſh; a handſom Wench.

Scar. Only for a third Perſon, and pleaſe your Damnation.

Meph. You ſhall have your Deſires.

Har. We deſire your Mephoſtopholiſhip too, not to let us ſtay the Roaſting and Boiling of any thing: For we are as Eager as the Wine in *Smithfield*, and want no whetting.

Meph. You ſhall.

Scaramouche *and* Harlequin *pull off their Caps.*

Now if your mighty Darkneſs would pleaſe to Retire.

Meph. Fareweſl. [*Vaniſh.*

Scaramouche *ſteps out of the Circle, and ſtruts about.*

Scar. Now how do you like my Art?

Har. O rare Art! O divine Mr. Doctor *Scaramouche!* If the Devil be as good as his Word, I'll owe him a good Turn as long as I live: But I wiſh our third Perſon would come.

A Giant riſes.

Ha! What's here?

Gi. I am ſent by *Pluto* to bear you Company.

Har. Is this his third Perſon? Or is it Three Generations in One? Come you from *Guild-hall*, Sir?

Gi. No, Mortal, from the *Stygian* Lake. I am the Giant which St. *George* deſtroy'd; and in the Earth have been decaying ever ſince, but now am come to Eat with you.

Scar. To pick up your Crums, Sir: You'r heartily Welcome.

Scaramouche *gets upon* Harlequin, *and ſalutes him.*

Gi. I have lain now within the *Stygian* Lake 2000 Years.

Scar. Your Honour is not much ſhrunk in the Wetting.

Gi. But we looſe Time, and Dinner cools.

Har. Where is it?

Gi. In the next Room.

Scar. Will it pleaſe your Luſtineſs to lead the Way?

Har. Will it pleaſe you then to make way for him?

Gi. I can divide my ſelf to ſerve my Friends?

[*Giant leaps in two.*

Breeches be you my Page, and follow me.

Harleq. *and* Scaram. *complement the Breeches.* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *draws, and discovers a Table furnished with Bottles of Wine, and a Venison Pasty, a Pot of wild Fowl,* &c.

Enter Scaramouche, Giant, *and* Harlequin.

Har. O heavenly Apparition!

Scar. Come, let's sit down.

The upper part of the Giant flies up, and the under sinks, and discovers a Woman in the Room.

Harlequin *and* Scaramouche *start.*

Scar. Ha! What's here, a Woman?

Har. O happy Change! Madam, with your good Leave. [*Kisses.*

Scar. Never too late in good Breeding. [*Kisses.*] Rare Wench! And as Luscious as Pig-sauce.

Har. Heav'n be prais'd for all. [*Woman sinks, a Flash of Lightning.*

Scar. Your unseasonable Thankfulness has rob'd us of our Strumpet.

Har. No matter, no matter; we shall meet her in the Cloisters after the Fair. Come let's fall too. [*They put their Caps before their Faces.*

Ha!

Scar. The Table runs away from us.

Har. We'll bestow the Pains to follow it again; this I see is a running Banquet. [*They put their Caps on again, the Table removes.*

Scar. I have found the Secret: We must not say Grace at the Devil's Feast.

Har. Come then let's fall too, *San*'s Ceremony; Will you be Carver?

Scar. Every one for himself, I say.

Har. Ay, every one for himself, and God for us all. [*Table flies up into the Air.*

Scar. A Plague o'your Proverb; it has a Word in't must not be named.

Har. Ah, Mr. Doctor, do but intreat Mr. *Mephostopholis* to

to let the Table down to us, or ſend us tothat, and I'll be his Servant as long as I live. [*They are hoiſted up to the Table.*

Scar. and Har. Oh, oh, oh.

Scar. Now have a care of another Proverb: We go without our Supper.

Har. Nay, now I kuow the Devil's Humour, I'll hit him to a Hair: Pray, Mr. Doctor, cut up that Paſty.

Scar. I can't get my Knife into it, 'tis over-bak'd.

Har. Ay, 'tis often ſo: God ſends Meat, and the Devil ſends Cooks. [*Table flies down.*

Scar. Thou Varlet, doſt thou ſee what thy Proverb has done?

Har. Now could I curſe my Grand-mother, for ſhe taught 'em me: Well, if ſweet *Mephoſtopholis* will be ſo kind as but to let us and the Table come together again, I'll promiſe never to ſay Grace, or ſpeak Proverb more, as long as I live. [*They are let down to the Table.*

Scar. Your Prayers are heard, now be careful; for if I loſe my Supper by thy Negligence I'll cut thy Throat.

Har. Do, and eat me when you have doue. I am damnably hungry; I'll cut open this Paſty, while you open that Pot of wild Fowl.

[Harlequin *takes off the Lid of the Paſty, and a Stag's Head peeps out; and out of the Pot of Fowl flies Birds.* Harlequin *and* Scaramouche *ſtart back, fall over their Chairs, and get up.*

Har. Here's the Neſt but the Birds are flown: Here's Wine though, and now I'll conjure for a Supper. I have a Sallad within of my own Gathering in the Fields to Day.

Scar. Fetch it in; Bread, Wine, and a Sallad, may ſerve for a Collation.

Enter Harlequin *with a Tray of Sallad.*

Har. Come, no Ceremony among Friends. *Bon. fro.*

Scar. *Sallad mal adjuſte*; here's neither Fat nor Lean.

Har. O Mr. Doctor, neither Fat nor Lean in a Sallad.

Scar. Neither Oyl, nor Vinegar.

Har. Oh! I'll fetch you that preſently.

[Harlequin *fetches a Chamber-pot of Piſs, and a Lamp of Oyl, and pours on the Sallad.*

Scar. O thy Sallad is nothing but Thiſtles and Netles; and thy Oyl ſtinks worſe than *Arſefetito.*

Har.

Har. Bread and Wine be our Fare. Ha! the Bread's alive. [*Bread ſtirs.*

Scar. Or the Devil's in't. Hey! again. *Bread ſinks.*

Har. My Belly's as empty as a Beggar's Purſe.

Scar. And mine as full of Wind as a Trumpeter's Cheeks. [*Table ſinks, and Flaſh of Lightning.*

But ſince we can't Eat, let's Drink: Come, here's Dr. *Fauſtus*'s Health.

Har. Ay, come; God bleſs Dr. *Fauſtus.* [*Bottles fly up, and the Table ſinks.*

Scar. What all gone: Here's a Banquet ſtole away like a City Feaſt. [*Muſick.*

Har. Ha! here's Muſick to delight us.

[*Two Chairs riſes.* Harlequin *and* Scaramouche *ſits down, and are caught faſt.*

Scar. Ha! the Devil. We are lock'd in.

Har. As faſt as a Counter Rat.

Enter ſeveral Devils, who black Harlequin *and* Scaramouche's *Faces, and then ſquirt Milk upon them. After the Dance they both ſink.*

Scar. and Har. O' o, o'——

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III.

SCENE *a Wood.*

Mephoſtopholis *and Dr.* Fauſtus.

Fauſt. HOW have I been delighted by thy Art; and in Twelve Years have ſeen the utmoſt Limits of the ſpacious World; feaſted my ſelf with all Varieties; pleaſur'd my Fancy with my Magick Art, and liv'd ſole Lord o'er every Thing I wiſh'd for.

Meph. Ay, *Fauſtus*, is it not a ſplendid Life?

Fauſt. It is my Spirit; but prithee now retire, while I repoſe

poſe my ſelf within this Shade, and when I wake attend on me again.

Meph. Fauſt, I will. [*Exit.*

Fauſt. What art thou, *Fauſtus*, but a Man condemn'd. Thy Leaſe of Years expire apace; and, *Fauſtus*, then thou muſt be *Lucifers*: Here reſt my Soul, and in my Sleep my future State be buried.

Good and bad Angel deſcends.

Good An. Fauſtus, ſweet *Fauſtus*, yet remember Heav'n. Oh! think upon the everlaſting Pain thou muſt endure, For all thy ſhort Space of Pleaſure.

Bad An. Illuſions, Fancies, *Fauſtus*; think of Earth. The Kings thou ſhalt command: The Pleaſures Rule. Be, *Fauſtus*, not a whining, pious Fool. [*Aſcend.*

Enter Horſe-courſer.

Horſ. Oh! what a couz'ning Doctor was this: I riding my Horſe into the Water, thinking ſome hidden Myſtery had been in 'em, found my ſelf on a Bundle of Straw, and was drag'd by Something in the Water, like a Bailiff through a Horſe-pond. Ha! he's a Sleep: So ho, Mr. Doctor, ſo ho. Why Doctor, you couz'ning, wheedling, hypocritical, cheating, chouſing, Son of a Whore; awake, riſe, and give me my Mony again, for your Horſe is turn'd into a Bottle of Hay. Why Sirrah, Doctor; 'ſfoot I think he's dead. Why Doctor Scab; you mangy Dog. [*pulls him by the Leg.*] 'Zounds I'm undone, I have pull'd his Leg off.

Fauſt. O help! the Villain has undone me; Murder.

Horſ. Murder, or not Murder, now he has but one Leg I'll out-run him. [*Exit.*

Fauſt. Stop, ſtop him; ha, ha, ha, *Fauſtus* has his Leg again, and the Horſe-courſer a Bundle of Hay for his Forty Dollars. Come, *Mephoſtopholis*, let's now attend the Emperor. [*Exit* Fauſt, *and* Meph.

Enter Horſe-courſer, *and* Carter, *with Pots of Ale.*

Cart. Here's to thee; and now I'll tell thee what I came hither for: You have heard of a Conjurer they call Doctor *Fauſtus*.

Horſ. Heard of him, a Plague take him, I have Cauſe to know him; has he play'd any Pranks with you?

Cart. I'll tell thee, as I was going to the Market a while

ago, with a Load of Hay, he met me, and askt me, What he ſhould give me for as much Hay as his Horſe would Eat: Now, Sir, I thinking that a little would ſerve his Turn, bad him take as much as he would for Three Farthings.

Horſ. So.

Cart. So he preſently gave me Mony, and fell to Eating: And as I'm a curſen Man, he never left Yeating and Yeating, 'till he had eaten up my whole Load of Hay.

Horſ. Now you ſhall hear how he ſerv'd me: I went to him Yeſterday to buy a Horſe of him, which I did; and he bad me be ſure not to ride him into the Water.

Cart. Good.

Horſ. Ad's Wounds 'twas Bad, as you ſhall hear: For I thinking the Horſe had ſome rare Quality, that he would not have me know, what do me I but rides him in the Water; and when I came juſt in the midſt of the River, I found my ſelf a Straddle on a Bottle of Hay.

Cart. O rare Doctor!

Horſ. But you ſhall hear how I ſerv'd him bravely for it; for finding him a Sleep juſt now in a By-Field, I whoop'd and hollow'd in his Ears, but could not wake him; ſo I took hold of his Leg, and never left pulling till I had pull'd it quite off.

Cart. And has the Doctor but one Leg then? That's Rare. But come, this is his Houſe, let's in and ſee for our Mony; look you, we'll pay as we come back.

Horſ. Done, done; and when we have got our Mony let's laugh at his one Leg: Ha, ha, ha. [*Exeunt Laughing.*

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. What have the Rogues left my Pots, and run away, without paying their Reck'ning? I'll after 'em, cheating Villains, Rogues, Cut-purſes; rob a poor Woman, cheat the Spittle, and rob the King of his Exciſe; a parcel of Ruſtick, Clowniſh, Pedantical, High-ſhoo'd, Plow-jobbing, Cart-driving, Pinch-back'd, Paralytick, Fumbling, Grumbling, Bellowing, Yellowing, Peas-picking, Stinking, Mangy, Runagate, Ill-begotten, Ill-contriv'd, Wry-mouth'd, Spatrifying, Dunghill-raking, Coſtive, Snorting, Sweaty, Farting, Whaw-drover Dogs. [*Exit.*

Enter

Enter Fauſtus.

Fauſt. My Time draws near, and 20 Years are paſt: I have but Four poor Twelve Months for my Life, and then I am damn'd for ever.

Enter an Old Man.

Old M. O gentle *Fauſtus*, leave this damn'd Art; this Magick, that will charm thy Soul to Hell, and quite bereave thee of Salvation: Though thou haſt now offended like a Man, do not, oh! do not perſiſt in't like a Devil. It may be this my Exhortation ſeems harſh, and all unpleaſant; let it not, for, gentle Son, I ſpeak in tender Love and Pity of thy future Miſery; and ſo have hope that this my kind Rebuke, checking thy Body, may preſerve thy Soul.

Fauſt. Where art thou, *Fauſtus?* Wretch, what haſt thou done? O Friend, I feel thy Words to comfort my diſtreſſed Soul; retire, and let me ponder on my Sins.

Old M. Fauſtus, I leave thee, but with grief of Heart,
Fearing thy Enemy will near depart. [*Exit.*

Enter Mephoſtopholis.

Meph. Thou Traytor, I arreſt thee for Diſobedience to thy Sovereign Lord; revolt, or I'll in piece-meal tear thy Fleſh.

Fauſt. I do repent I e'er offended him; torment, ſweet Friend, that old Man that durſt diſſwade me from thy *Lucifer.*

Meph. His Faith is great, I cannot touch his Soul; but what I can afflict his Body with I will.

Enter Horſe-courſer *and* Carter.

Horſ. We are come to drink a Health to your wooden Leg.

Fauſt. My wooden Leg; what doſt thou mean, Friend?

Horſ. Ha, ha! he has forgot his Leg.

Cart. Pſha, 'tis not a Leg he ſtands upon. Pray, let me ask you one Queſtion; Are both your Legs Bed-fellows?

Fauſt. Why doſt thou ask?

Cart. Becauſe I believe you have a good Companion of one.

Horſ. Why, don't you remember I pull'd off one o' your Legs when you were a Sleep?

Fauſt. But I have it again now I am awake.

Cart. Ad's Wounds, had the Doctor three Legs! —— You, Sir, don't you remember you gave a Peny for as much Hay as your Horſe would eat, and then eat up my whole Load.

Horſ. Look you, Mr. Doctor, you muſt not carry it off ſo; I come to have the Mony again I gave for the Ho-o-o-

[Fauſtus *waves his Wand.*

Cart. And I come to be paid for my Load of Ha-a-a.

Enter Hoſteſs.

Hoſt. O Mr. Doctor! do you harbour Rogues that bilk poor Folks, and wont pay their Reck'nings? Who muſt pay me for my A-a-a-a [*Waves again.*

Enter Scaramouche.

Scar. Mr. Doctor, I can't be quiet for your Devil Mr. *Me-o-o—* [*Waves again.*

[*Exeunt* Fauſtus *and* Mephoſtopholis. *They all ſtare at one another, and ſo go off, crying O, o, o, o- to the Emperor's Pallace.*

Enter Emperor, Fauſtus, *Gent. Guards.* Benoolio *above.*

Emp. Wonder of Men, thrice Learned *Fauſtus*, Renowned Magician, welcome to our Court; and as thou late didſt promiſe us, I would behold the Famous *Alexander* fighting with his great Rival *Darius*, in their true Shapes, and State Majeſtical.

Fauſt. Your Majeſty ſhall ſee 'em preſently.

Ben. If thou bring'ſt *Alexander*, or *Darius* here, I'll be content to be *Acteon*, and turn my ſelf to a Stag.

Fauſt. And I'll play *Diana*, and ſend you the Horns preſently.

Enter Darius *and* Alexander; *they Fight*: Darius *falls.* Alexander *takes his Crown, and puts it on his Head.*

[*Exit.* Darius *ſinks.*

Fauſt. Away, be gon; ſee, my Gracious Lord, what Beaſt is that that thruſts his Head out of yon' Window.

Emp. O wondrous Sight! ſee two Horns on young *Benoolio*'s Head; call him, Lords.

Lord. What, ho! *Benoolio.*

Ben. A Plague upon you, let me Sleep.

Lord. Look up, *Benoolio*, 'tis the Emperor calls.

Ben.

Ben. The Emperor; O my Head.

Faust. And thy Horns hold, 'tis no matter for thy Head.

Ben. Doctor, this is your Villany.

Faust. O say not so, Sir; the Doctor has no Skill, if he bring *Alexander* or *Darius* here you'll be *Actæon*, and turn to a Stag: Therefore, if it please your Majesty, I'll bring a Kennel of Hounds to hunt him. Ho! *Helmot*, *Argiron*, *Asterot*.

Ben. Hold, he'll raise a Kennel of Devils. Good, my Lord, intreat.

Emp. Prithee remove his Horns, he has done Penance enough.

Faust. Away; and remember hereafter you speak well of Scholars.

Ben. If Scholars be such Cuckolds to put Horns upon honest Mens Heads, I'll ne'er trust Smooth-face and Small-band more: But if I been't reveng'd, may I be turn'd to a Gaping Oyster, and drink nothing but Salt-water.

Emp. Come, *Faustus*, in recompence of this high Desert, Thou shalt command the State of *Germany*, and live belov'd of mighty *Carolus*. [*Exeunt omnes.*

SCENE *a Garden.*

Lord. Nay, sweet *Benvolio*, let us sway thy Thoughts from this Attempt against the Conjurer.

Ben. My Head is lighter than it was by the Horns:
And yet my Heart's more pond'rous than my Head,
And pants, until I see the Conjurer dead.

2 Lord. Consider.

Ben. Away; dissuade me not, he comes. [*Draws.*

Enter Faustus *with a false Head.*

Now Sword strike home:
For Horns he gave, I'll have his Head anon.

Runs Faustus *through, he falls.*

Faust. Oh, oh!

Ben. Groan you, Mr. Doctor, now for his Head. [*Cuts his Head off.*

Lord. Struck with a willing Hand.

Ben.

Ben. First, on this Scull, in quittance of my Wrongs, I'll nail huge forked Horns within the Window where he yoak'd me first, that all the World may see my just Revenge; and thus having settled his Head ——

Faust. What shall the Body do, Gentlemen.

Ben. The Devil's alive again?

Lord. Give the Devil his Head again.

Faust. Nay, keep it; *Faustus* will have Heads and Hands: I call your Hearts to recompence this Deed.
Ho; *Asteroth*, *Belimoth*, *Mephostopholis*.

Enter Devils, and Horse 'em upon others.

Go Horse these Traytors on your fiery Backs.
Drag 'em through Dirt and Mud, through Thorns and Briers.

Lord. Pity us, gentle *Faustus*, save our Lives.

Faust. Away.

Ben. He must needs go whom the Devil drives.

[*Spirits fly away. Exit* Faustus.

SCENE *a Hall.*

Enter Harlequin *in a Beggar's Habit.*

Harl. I find this *Scaramouche* is a Villain; he has left the Doctor, and is come to be Steward to a rich Widdow, whose Husband dyed Yesterday, and here he is coming to give the Poor their Doles, of which I'll ha' my Share.

Scaramouche, *and poor People, with a Basket of Bread and Money.*

Scar. Come hither, poor Devils; stand in Order, and be Damn'd. I come to distribute what your deceased good Master hath bequeath'd. [*They all stare at* Scar.

Harl. God bless you, Mr. Steward.

Scar. Let me tell you, Gentlemen, he was as good a Man as ever piss't, or cry'd Stand on the High-way.

[Scaramouche *takes out a Loaf and a Shilling, holds it out, and* Harlequin *takes it.*

He spent a good Estate, 'tis true; but he was no Body's Foe but his own. I never left him while he was worth a Groat. [*Again.*] He would now and then Curse in his Passion, and give a Soul to the Devil, or so; yet, what of that? He always paid his Club, and no Man can say he owes this.

this. [*Again.*] He had a Colt's Tooth, and over-laid one of his Maids; yet, what of that? All Fleſh is frail. [*Again.*] 'Tis thought that her Body workt him off on his Legs; why, what of that? his Legs were his own, and his Arſe never hung in your Light. [*Again.*] Sometimes, you'll ſay, he wou'd rap out an Oath; what then, Words are but Wind, and he meant no more harm than a ſucking Pig does by ſqueaking. [*Again.*] Now let's conſider his good Deeds; he brew'd a Firkin of ſtrong Drink for the poor every Year, and kill'd an old Ram every *Eaſter*: The Meat that was ſtale, and his Drink that was ſowre, was always yours. [*Again.*] He allow'd you in Harveſt to Glean after his Rake. [*Again.* And now, at his Death, has given you all this. [*Again.*

Scar. So, ſetting the Hare's Head againſt the Gooſe Giblets, he was a good Hoſpitable Man; and much good may do you, with what you had.

Poor. I have had nothing.

2 *Poor.* Nor I. 3 *Po.* Nor I. 4 *Po.* Nor I.

Scar. Nothing.

All. Nothing, nothing.

Scar. Nothing, nothing; you lying Rogues, then there's ſomething for you. [*Beats 'em all off.*

Enter Harlequin *in a Cloak, laughing.*

Har. So now I am Victual'd, I may hold out Siege againſt Hunger. [*A Noiſe within; this way, this way.* Ha! they are hunting after me, and will kill me. Let me ſee, I will take this Gibbet for my Preſerver, and with this long Cloak make as if I were hang'd. Now when they find a Man hang'd, not knowing me in this Diſguiſe, they'll look no farther after me, but think the Thief's hang'd. —— I hear 'em coming. [*Throws himſelf off the Ladder.*

Enter Scaramouche.

Scar. Ha! what's here, a Man hang'd? But what Paper is this in his Hand?

[*Whil'ſt* Scaramouche *reads*, Harlequin *puts the Rope over him.*

I have cheated the Poor of their Mony, and took the Bread out of their Mouths, for which I was much troubled in Conſcience, fell into Diſpair, and, as you ſee, hang'd my ſelf.

[*Pulls him up, and runs out.*

O the

O the Devil! Murder, murder!

Enter Poor.

Poor. O Neighbours, here hangs the Rogue.

Scar. Help me down?

Poor. No, you are very well as you are.

Scar. Don't you know me?

Poor. Ay, for a Rogue; e'en finish your Work, and save the Hang-man a Labour. Yet, now I think on't, self-murder is a crying Sin, and may damn his Soul. Come, Neighbours, we'll take him down, and have him hang'd according to Law. [*When he's down he trips up their Heels, and runs out, they after him.*

All. Stop Thief, stop Thief.

Thunder and Lightning; Lucifer, Beelzebub, *and* Mephoftopholis.

Luc. Thus from the infernal *Dis* do we afcend, bringing with us the Deed; the Time is come which makes it forfeit.

Enter Fauftus, *an old Man, and a Scholar.*

Old M. Yet, *Fauftus*, call on Heav'n.

Fauft. O! 'tis too late; behold, they lock my Hands.

Old M. Who, *Fauftus*?

Fauft. Lucifer and *Mephoftopholis*; I gave 'em my Soul for Four and twenty Years.

Old M. Heav'n forbid.

Fau. Ay, Heav'n forbad it indeed, but *Fauftus* has done it; for the vain Pleafure of Four and twenty Years, *Fauftus* has loft eternal Joy and Felicity: I writ 'em a Bill with my own Blood, the Date is expired; this is the Time, and they are come to fetch me.

Old M. Why would not *Fauftus* tell me of that before?

Fauft. I oft intended it, but the Devil threat'ned to tear me in Pieces. O Friend, retire, and fave your felf.

Old M. I'll into the next Room, and their pray for thee.

Fauft. Ay, pray for me; and what Noife foever you hear ftir not, for nothing can refcue me.

Old M. Pray thou, and I'll pray. Adieu.

Fauft. If I live till Morning I'll vifit you; if not, *Fauftus* is gon to Hell. [*Exeunt old Man and Scholar.*

Meph. Ay, *Fauftus*, now thou haft no hopes on Heav'n.

Fauft.

Faust. O thou bewitching Fiend; 'twas thou, and thy Temptations, hath rob'd me of eternal Happiness.

Meph. I do confess it, *Faustus*, and rejoyce.
What weep'st thou, 'tis too late; hark to thy Knell:
Fools that will Laugh on Earth, must Weep in Hell.

Ext.

Good and bad Angel descend.

Good An. O *Faustus*, if thou hadst given Ear to me,
Innumerable Joys had followed thee:
But thou didst love the World.

Bad An. Gave Ear to me, and now must taste Hell's Pains perpetual.

Throne of Heaven appears.

Good An. Had'st thou affected sweet Divinity,
Hell, nor the Devil, had no Power on thee.
Had'st thou kept on that way, *Faustus*, behold in what resplendid Glory thou had'st sat; that hast thou Lost.
And now, poor Soul, must thy good Angel leave:
The Jaws of Hell are ready to receive thee. [*Ascends.*

Hell is discovered.

Bad An. Now, *Faustus*, let thy Eyes with Horror stare
Into that Vast perpetual torturing House.

Faust. O I have seen enough to torture me.

Bad An. Nay thou must feel 'em, taste the Smart of all.
He that loves Pleasure must for Pleasure fall:
And so I leave thee, *Faustus*, till anon.
Thou'lt tumble into Confusion. [*Descends.*

The Clock strikes Eleven.

Faust. Now, *Faustus*, hast thou but one bear Hour to Live,
And then thou must be Damn'd perpetually:
Stand still you ever-moving Spheres of Heav'n,
That Time may cease, and Mid-night never come.
Or let this Hour be but a Year, a Month, a Week, a natural Day; that *Faustus* may repent, and save his Soul. Mountains and Hills come, come, and fall on me, and hide me from the heavy Wrath of Heav'n. Gape Earth; Oh no, it will not harbour me. [*The Clock strikes.*
Oh! half the Hour is past; 'twill all be past anon. Oh! if my Soul must suffer for my Sin, impose some end to my in-

ceſſant Pain. Let *Fauſtus* live in Hell a Thouſand Years, an Hundred thouſand, and at laſt be ſav'd. [*Strikes Twelve.* No End is limitted to damn'd Souls: It ſtrikes, it ſtrikes. Now, Body, turn to Air, to Earth, or Water. Oh! avoid the Fire: They come. Oh! mercy, Heaven; ugly Hell gape not. Come not *Lucifer*; O *Mephoſtopholis.*

[*Sink with Devils. Thunder.*

Enter old Man and Scholar.

Old M. Come, Friend, let's viſit *Fauſtus*: For ſuch a dreadful Night was never ſeen.

Scene diſcovers Fauſtus's *Limbs.*

Schol. O help us, Heav'n; ſee here are *Fauſtus*'s Limbs,
All torn aſunder by the Hand of Hell.

Old M. May this a fair Example be to all,
To avoid ſuch Ways which brought poor *Fauſtus*'s Fall.
And whatſoever Pleaſure does invite,
Sell not your Souls to purchaſe vain Delight.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene changes to Hell.

Fauſtus *Limbs come together.* *A Dance, and Song.*

FINIS.